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Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol

THE SECOND BOOK.



LOND. O N,

Printed by Tho. Moore for John Carr at his Shop at the Middle Temple Gate, and
Sam Scott at his Shop in Bell-Yard near Temple-Barr. 1688.



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130



V-cinda's love-ly Charming Face, Charming Face,



Charming Face, in all its splendour free sweet was the happy time and place,



time and place, time and place I had her Compa-ny, I had her Company.



I wish each Minute was an Age,
So blest in Love was I,
I prest her lips and did ingage
What Love could not deny.

Both equally we soon exprest,
Claspt in each others Arms,
My Head upon her Snowy Brest
We lay desolv'd in Charms.

Mr. Sam. Ackroyde.

(2)

The Words by Mr. Weeden to Mr. Redding's Tune.



Hen Mony has done what e're it can, and round a--bout



run to pleasure a Man, whose life's but a span, with worldly Joys and the glittering



toys, which do make such a noise as confound all ad--vice that's gi--ven by the



Wife, and in a trice re--duce the wretch to mi--se--ries, and there they leave him ;



Then the World which before for his store did a--dore him, strait seems afraid of one de-



(3)



cay'd, and him up--braid of the Wealth which each by's Trade did before de-



ceive him, but when the Mortal sees his own un--doing, finds his acquaintance and



friends are all a going, then he sighs and moans, and then he pines and groans, at last he



craves, his friends deny, at which he raves & swears he'l die, & thus he cries he ne're was



wise until in mi--se--ry he dies, and thus the wretched spendthrift lies, fare him well for



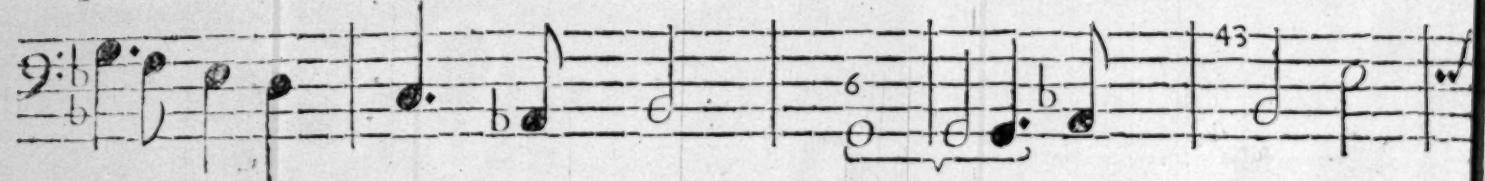
e--ver more, A-men.



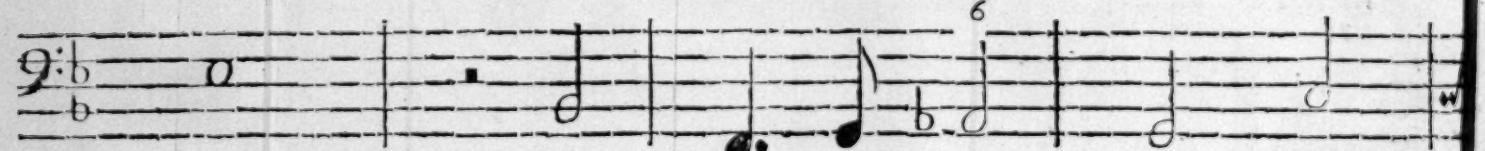
(4)

O *Sylvia* no, not all thy care can ease thy wretched Lo—ver's

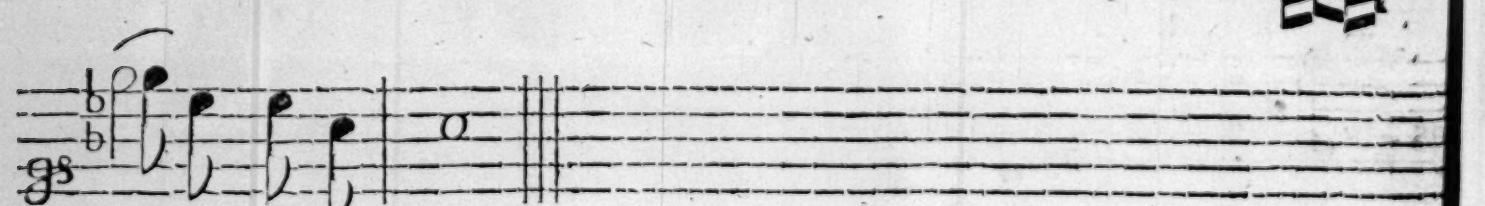
pain, these fond en-dearments thou maist spare, smiles, kisses, ten----der vews are vain



for cou'd thy Face a way invent to shew thee kinder then thou art it wou'd not give the

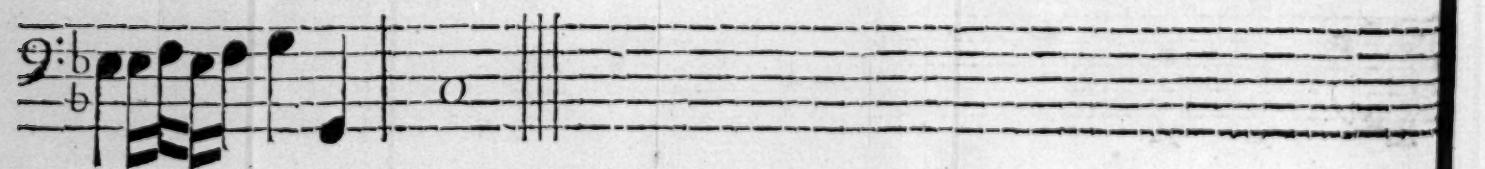


least content, it wou'd not give the least con---tent to my—— di—



stracted Jealous Heart.

Mr. Peter Ifack.



Why is it that thy Snow-white Arms
So eagerly clasps me to thy Breast,
When all thy Beauties, all thy Charms,
By *Damon* are each Night possest.

Then strive no more my grief to ease,
In Love I'me such a Mifer grown,
Not all the Wealth thou giv'st con please,
'Till the rich stock be all my own.



O W un--happy a--lass and how wretched I'me grown, I burn with de-



fire, tho my Love you dis--own, the Flame which you caus'd you un--kindly deride, and



still my soft Passion you constantly chide, *A--minta* your scorn so di--jects my sad



heart, that if you per-sist I shall die with the smart.



Set by Mr. Courtney

VVhen alone I lament and sigh out my anguish,
Deluded with hopes you still let me languish,
Your Eyes are so bright and so feed the fierce fire,
VVith Love still I burn and consume with desire,
I sigh, much opprest, to give ease to my pain,
But the Flame in my Brest does still burn and remain,

C



O W can they tast of Joy or Grief who Beauty's Power did never prove,



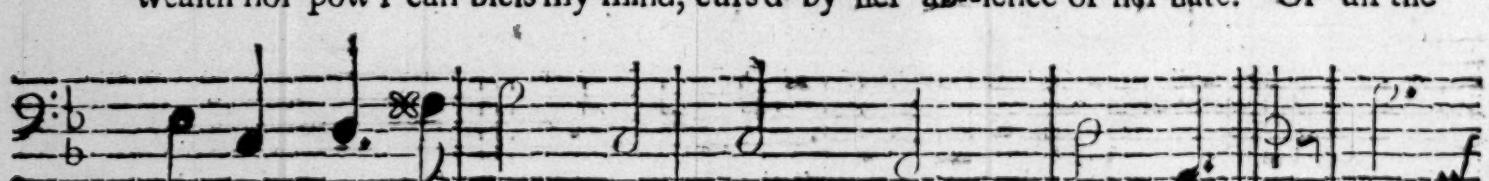
Love's all our Torment, our Relief, our Fate depends a---lone on Love. Were



I in hea----vy Chains confin'd, Ne---eras smiles wou'd ease that state, nor



wealth nor pow'r can bless my mind, curs'd by her ab--fence or her bate. Of all the



Plants which shade the field, the fragrant Myrtle does surpass, no Flow'r so gay that



does not yeild to blooming Ro-ses gau---dy dress, no star so bright that can be seen when





Phœbus's Glories guild the Skies, no Nymph so prouid a--dorns the Green, but yeilds to



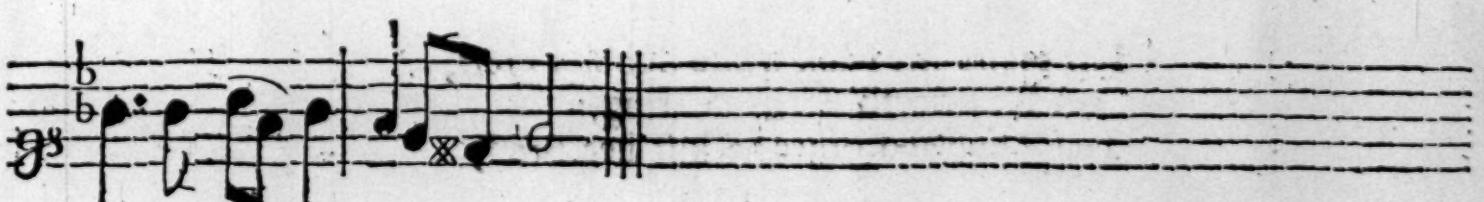
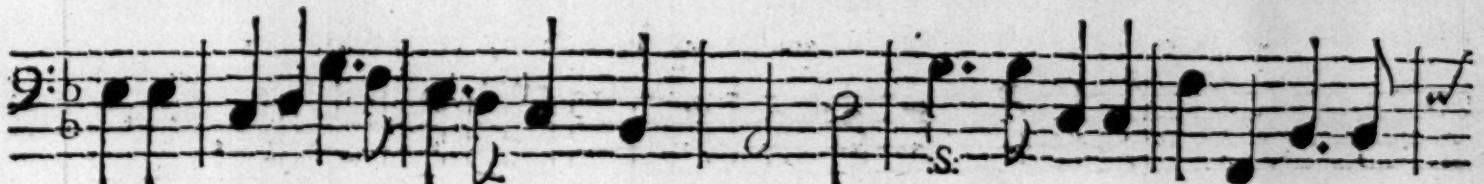
fair Ne--ras Eyes, the Amorous Swains no Offrings bring to Cu-pids Altar as be-



sore, to her they play, to her they sing, and own in Love no other Pow'r, if thou thy



Empire wilt regain, on thy Conqu'rour try thy Dart, touch with pitty for my pain Ne-



e--ras's cold dis-dain-ful Heart.

Mr. James Hart.





Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd long sigh-ing and complain-



ing, while me she shund and dis-ap--prov'd, a--no--ther en--taining : her



hand, her lips, to him were free, no fa-vour she re---fus'd him, judge



how un--kind she was to me while she so kind-ly us'd him.



His Hand her Milk white Bubbies prest,
A bliss worth Kings desiring,
Ten Thousand times he kist her Brest,
The Snowy Mounts admiring.

Mr. Moses Snow.

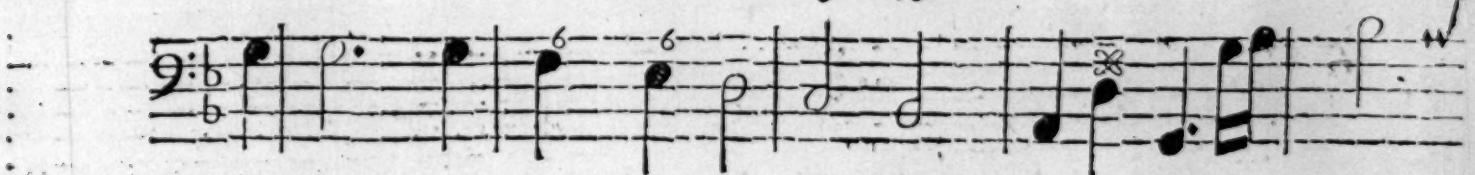
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to such Passion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheek and curl'd his Hair,
To shew she well approv'd him.



Nhappy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-lia's Scorn, no time nor

6 76

7



Tongue can e're relate the Tra-ge-dy of my hard Eate ; I in a Fevour scorch &

6

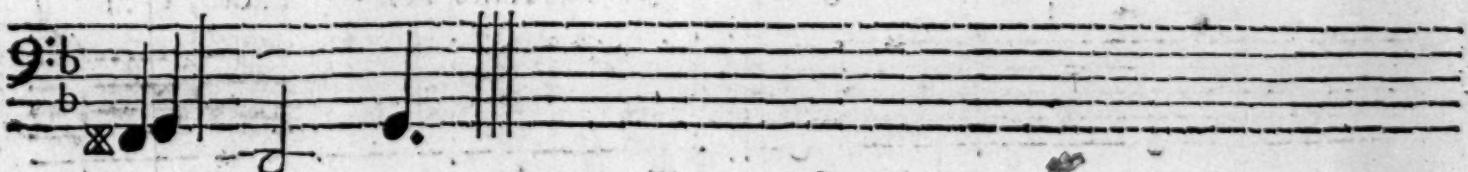


burn with Love but none do you return ; if pitty on me you'l not take, a-lass my

:S:



tender Heart will break.



Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye,
I wish a thousand times to dye,
But if ten thousand pains invade,
By one kind look they all are paid,

For should I live and not obtain,
That trouble is a greater pain,
No lovely fair I only find
To let me Dye is to be Kind.

Mr. Rob. King.



Outh and Wit do so a-bound in each feature and each word, that she



can all Shepherds wound with the Charms of fair and good, Youth and Wit do



so a-bound in each feature and each word, that she can all Shepherds wound with the



Charms — of fair and good. Red as Roses new-ly blown, each

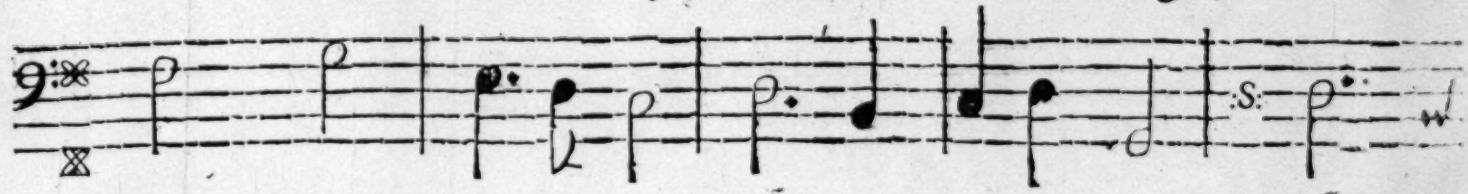


dear budding Lip appears, sweetnes in her Look is shown, Beauty in her growing years;





True and Constant are her ways, kind & secret is each thought, Books and



Musick pass dull days, in pure Dreams her Love is sought. Happy Shepherd



that can say, all her Love is his Entire; Happyer much in Cupids Play,



than a Victim, than a Victim in Loves Fire.



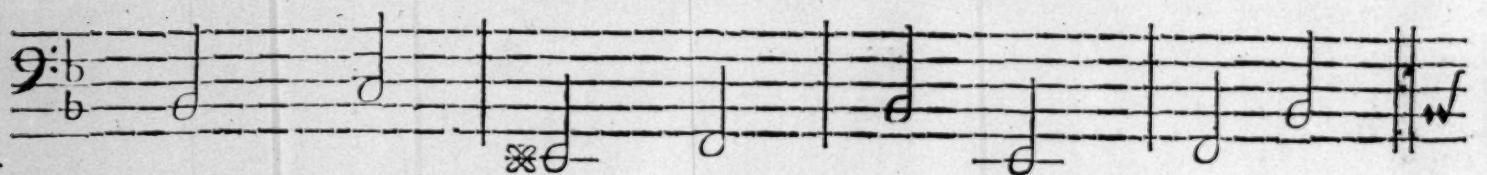
Mr. James Hart.



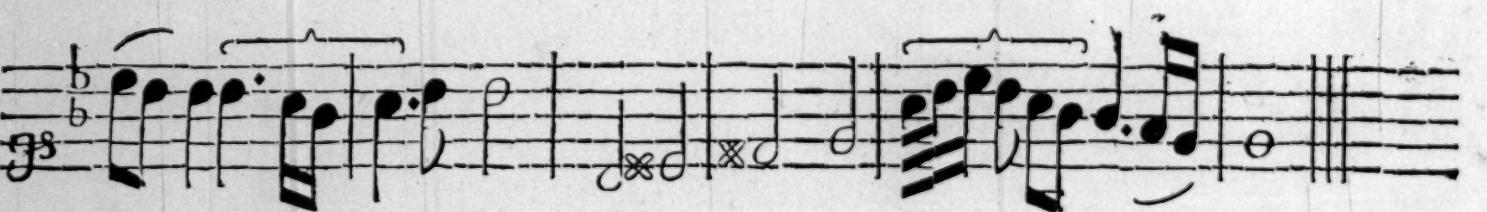
Arewel Love, De-light and Pleasure, *Cælia* sleeps and is no more,



in her Face was Beauty's Treasure, in her Bosome Virtue's store.



Now to th' *E-lizian* Groves, the blest a--bode of endless Love, born on



Angels wings she's gon, whilst I, poor I, am --- left a---lone.



Mr. Alex. Damasano.



Y what I've seen, I am - - un - - done, and would no longer



live, *Straphon* Be - - linda's Heart has won, the Pirse I saw her give, or



if be - sore her Heart was his she gave it o're a - gain, he uncon -



cern'd re - ceiv'd the bliss I Lan - guish to ob - tain.



:S:

Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Cruel *Belinda* cease to give
Those looks when I am by,
Cannot my Rival happy live
Unless he see me Dye.
If you delight to punish me,
I will no more complain,
But let not him my Torments see,
To glory in my pain.



Af---tre---a quits her bleating Flocks who mourn for her re---turn, in



vain, some hiding in the Neighb'ring Rocks while others wander o're the plain.



To Meads and Caves and leafless Groves for ease the wretched Shepherds fly,



who weep and curse their Fa---tal Loves, then break their Oaten Pipes and Dye.



But now Revenge their wrongs require,
And find her guilty of the Plot,
Her Charms will set the Town on Fire,
Then Marr'age Chains must prove her lot,
So she from whence such wonders spring,
VVhere Graces all in Consort meet,
This Bird confin'd too late will sing,
O Virgin's Liberty is sweet.

Mr. William Turner.



All me no more un — true to justifie your hate, 'twas my dispair



of Love from you that made me try to mend my Fate, expiring with the



wound which your unkindness gave, that Heart was by another found which



you a - lone had Pow'r to save.



As Men benighted stray,
Led by some treacherous Fire,
Pleas'd with false Light I lost my way,
And mist the place of my desire.
A Morning Sinners Vow
Just Heaven with Pity meet,
My Soul forsakes all Idolls now
To serve for ever at your Feet.

Mr. William Turner.

The last New Scotch Song.



Ould and Raw the North did blow, Bleak in the Morning Early,



all the Trees were hid with Snow dagled in Winters yearly. As I come riding



on the Slow I met with a Farmers Daughter, with Rosie Cheeks and a



bonny Brow, good Faith made me Mouth to water.



Down I veld my Bonnet low,
Thinking to show my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding,
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
I long'd to begin a parley ;
She told me to the next Market Town
On purpose to sell her Barley

In this Purse sweet Soul said I
Twenty pounds lye fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For I'le take all thy Barley,
Twenty more shall purchase delight,
Thy Person I love so deally,
If thou wot lig with me this Night
And go home in the Morning early.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I wou'd not do Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as Job
I would not raise them so Sir,
For if this Night you prove my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'l be gon at the Nine Months end,
And where shall I find a Father.

I told her I had Wedded been
Fourteen Years or longer,
Else I would take her for my Queen
And tye the knot much Stronger,
She bid me then no further come
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,
For some other should have her Barley.

VV

Elcome, welcome Glorious Maid to meet those Joys we to you



bring, this Honour's due which we have paid for thy He-roick suffering; Thou never



more shall be afraid of Hate or Love which Princes bear, but in white Robes shall be ar-



ray'd to meet thy Bridegroom in the Ayre: Where in one Globe com-bind, by Miracle con-



fin'd, in mighty height extreamly bright ye shall appear as if ye were a new created



Star, ye shall appear as if ye were a new Created Star.

Mr. William Turner.





Right *Glo-ri-a-na* is the Saint, whom with Devotion I im-plore,



but she is deaf to my complaint, her silence tells I must give o're; is it my



zeal's not fervent thought, or what I ask't of—fence has given, no word but



sigh or tear with't brought such Rhetorick as pre—vails with Heaven.



The latter then must be the cause,
Yet how cou'd that her anger move,
So harmleſs my Petition was,
I only ask't of her her Love,
And now the fatal reason's found,
The greater pain I must endure,
Such folly 'tis to search the wound
That does admit no hopes of cure.

VWith grief and anguish I'me perplext,
So sad my case on either side,
I had not liv'd had I not ask't,
'Tis worse than Death now I'me deny'd;
Tell me of neither racks nor wheels,
Tho sharp they bring no lasting pain,
Nor Torments like to that he feels
VVWho loves and is not lov'd again.

Mr. William Turner.

A

gentle sleep, thou easer of my woes,



softly, softly, and quickly let my Eyes dispose to pleasing slumbers that I



may in Dreams po - - sess those Joys de - ny'd by day, Joys, which if real



were to that degree so great, so great, were only fit for Gods not me, then

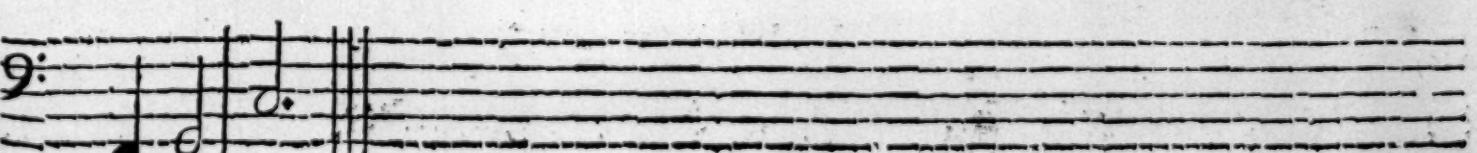


since Be -- linda does no pity take, let me but Dream, Dream, I'd never



wish to wake.

Mr. D. Sherburne.





Hilf sighing at your Feet I lye, pale and expiring gasp for



breath, can you relentless see me Dye and glory in your Martyr's Death.



Ah would the Torments I sustain raise but compassion in your Breast,



one pitying look would ease my Pain, and give my Soul E - ternal Rest.



Tho you command me not to live,
VVhich I with pleasure must obey,
My Love will after Death survive,
VVhich Fate or Time can ne're decay,
And since all hopes of you are lost,
And Joy with Life must disappear,
VVhen I'me converted to a Ghost,
I'll be your Guardian Angel here.

T



Inking Tom was an honest Man, tink a tink t- - - - - and a



Lad of bon - ny Mettle, he dext'rously cou'd clink the Pan, clink a clink, clink a



clink, and stop, and stop, and stop a hole i'th Kettle, to him did my Ladies



Maid ad - vance, ad - vance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a sad mis-



chance, a sad mischance; heres a hole; a hole; a hole in my Ladies



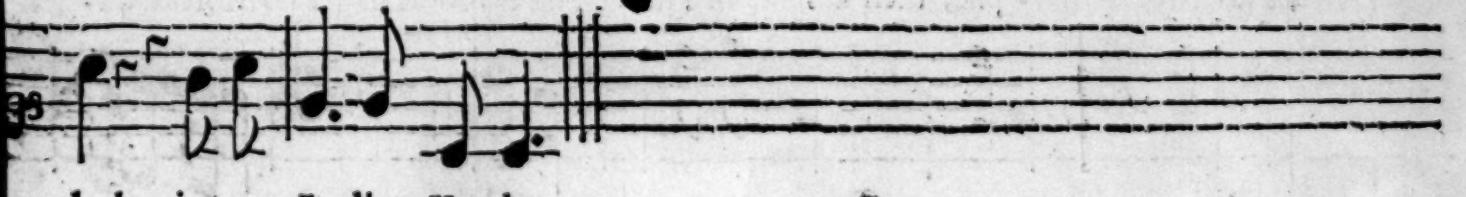
Kettle, Tom went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a Man, like a



Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done



'twas all a case, all a case, all a case, all a case, there's a hole, there's a



hole in my Ladies Kettle:



Rom a due dose of Claret no Mortal shall shrink, for to Night by the Docters pre-



scription we'l Drink, ne'r de -clare the dull formal Phi - sition an Afs,& our Heads will be



emp - ty with - out a full Glass, for the Juice of the Grape does our humours re-



fine, and our Wits take their quickness from that of our Wine. Then a Dose of Pun-

Chorus.



Then a



tack let no Mortal Dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals let no Mortals dis-



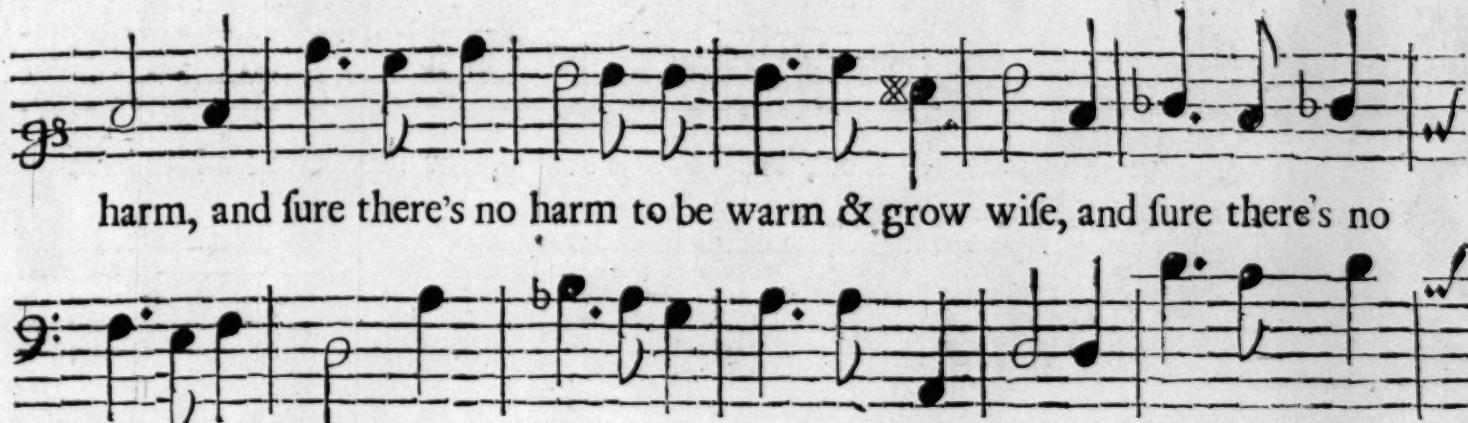
Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis - pise, then a Dose of Puntack let no Mortals dis-



pise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and sure there's no



pise, for it kindles the Blood and en - lightens the Eyes, and



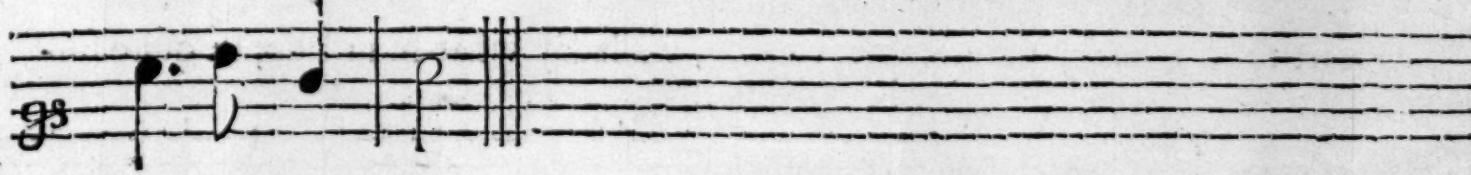
sure there's no harm to be warm & grow wise, and sure there's no



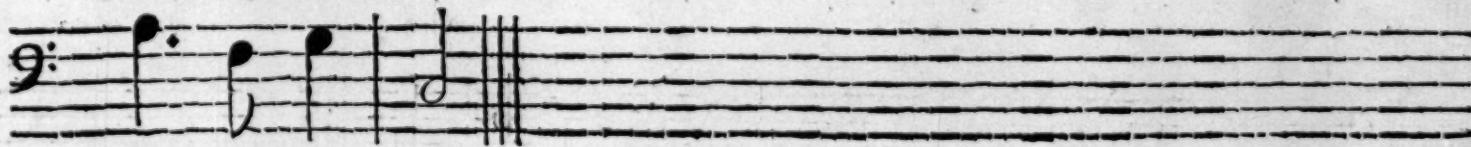
harm, and sure there's no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be



harm to be warm, no harm to be warm and grow wise, no harm to be



warm and grow wise.



warm and grow wise.

Mr. Hen. Hall.



Tretch'd upon the Grass, one Evening as the Sun was Setting, there a pretty



Lass was Sighing sore in muckle Woe, cruel Fate She cry'd, how long have I a love been



getting, Ife had been a Bride had Fortune smil'd twa years a goe, now what garris my



Heart to Rue, Sawny never comes to woo, walladay what mun I do, Ife quite for-



lorn, a - lass and still as true a Maid as ever I was Born.



*Moggy that was foul
As Hicks of Leith in Rainy weather,
Yet to make her glad
Has got a Lad full six Foot high.
Jenny black as coal
And Wu!ly Cragg are link'd together,
Ev'ry dowdy Fool
Has always better luck than I,*

*Yellow, Fair, or Black, or Brow,
Every Trollop now goes down,
Nene is left but I alone ;
Ife past Eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deek's in aw the Men.*

F I N I S.

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